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Problems of the Air.

The announcement that those pioneers
in successful aerial navigation, the
brothers Wright, have contracts to build
lighter aeroplanes for aspirants to flight
in this country, besides additional orders
from other lands, including conservative
China, is at once significant and omi-
nous. To some extent it is an indica-
tion of the continuous desire of man to
add the realms of the air to his super-
ficial dominion over land and sea. In
another way this sudden excess of de-
mand over supply is an evidence of the
impulsive ambition of man to rush into
regions where imagination pictures angels
as not afraid to wing their way, and it
portends an increase in the long list of
fatalities that have occurred since the
fabled and disastrous exploit of Icarus.

Progress in aerial communication and
transportation will bring its own prob-
lems for future solution. For example,
the development in carrying capacity and
definite control of vessels that sail the
upper azure will involve the easy pas-
sage of national frontiers and the possi-
ble ignoring of customs duties. Will
aerial ships pass in the night the bound-
ary lines on either earth, that mark the
levelling of tribute for industrial pro-
tection or public revenue? Will the capacity
of flight be abused by smugglers who
laugh at earthly lines of tribute? Will
it be necessary for chancellors of ex-
chequers and secretaries of treasuries to
send aloft fleets of winged or inflated
revenue cutters? Will the domain of
statute law extend skyward, as well as
into the depths of mining shafts?

If rival aerial lines are established
across the continent, will the Interstate
Commerce Commission and the Supreme
Court be invoked as to freight discrimina-
tions, the long and the short flight, and
the merging of competing routes? Will
the relations between labor and capital
extend to the upper regions, and shall we
have labor unions, trade agreements, and
strikes of aeronautical brotherhoods?

These tentative questions suggest un-
tried fields for legislatures and courts.

Will the Maximum Prevail?

In his maiden speech Senator Shively,
of Indiana, addressed himself to a fea-
ture of the pending tariff bill the true
nature and effect of which is little ap-
preciated. While the Senate is discussing
and adopting rates of duty that are, in
all conscience, high enough, the real rates
of duty that will go into effect March 31,
1910, unless the President intervenes, will
be the fixed rates plus 25 per cent ad
valorem. The maximum tariff, as Senator
Shively points out, will be the tariff
law, but applicable only on the procla-
mation of the President. Thus the actual
tariff situation as it presents itself after
the new law goes into effect will be that
the general tariff of 25 per cent ad
valorem in addition to the duties fixed
in the law will be the prevailing tariff,
unless and until the President determines
that the minimum tariff shall be applied
to those countries whose tariffs afford us
what he may decide to be "reciprocal
and equivalent treatment."

Does any one know, or can any one
predict, precisely what that situation will
be with respect to the imports from any
country, or with respect to the duties
on any particular commodity? Senator
Shively evidently thinks not, for he
predicts a condition of "perplexing un-
certainty and hopeless confusion" at-
tendant upon the attempt of the Execu-
tive to apply rates of duty in conformity
with the maximum and minimum provi-
sions of the Senate bill. The performance
of the Executive duties imposed by
these provisions requires such a mas-
tery of the complicated details of for-
eign tariffs as to make the task of ad-
justing the domestic duties, even with
expert assistance, an impossible one, in
Mr. Shively's judgment. In Congress, the
most minute discussion of rates only
eventuates in disagreements as to their
amount and the wisdom of their imposi-
tion, with the inevitable result of com-
promise as the only method of reaching
a conclusion. The Executive, however,
is expected to arrive at just decisions by
some sort of superior wisdom. In doing
so he will have precisely the same kind
of assistance that is so freely tendered

our Congressional tariff revisers, namely,
the aid of protected interests. "The con-
test for the retention of prizes in the lot-
tery of taxation," says Senator Shively,
would be transferred "from the halls of
Congress to the Executive department." Tariff
beneficiaries would haunt the White
House and dog the footsteps of depart-
mental officers. The scramble for tariff
favors would be continually going on, for
every change in a foreign tariff alters or
may alter the status of our own.
Senator Shively apprehends that the
consumer will fare badly in the Execu-
tive distribution of tariff rates—a singular
but by no means impossible outcome.
It follows from the simple fact that the
general tariff, which will be the only
tariff in force by law after March 31 of
next year, will be the highest ever voted
by an American Congress, and it cannot
be lowered save by the President him-
self, after a process of inquiry and ne-
gotiation ending in an Executive edict
that the minimum duties shall be imposed
and collected. It seems to be assumed
that this process will be purely formal.
But who can say that it may not en-
counter serious difficulties and delays, as
Senator Shively thinks, such as a diplo-
matic deadlock with some foreign nation,
and so subject our foreign commerce to
prohibitive duties? In fact, by the adop-
tion of a maximum and minimum tariff,
are we not entering upon an unknown
region of tariff terrors?

In order to show that it is really scared
out of its boots for fear Congress will
do something awful to it, the sugar trust
has advanced the price of its commodity
again.

A New Naval Hardship.

The date is approaching when the navy
is to be inflicted with another process of
the "selection-out" of officers. This is
accomplished annually by means of a
specially detailed board, of which, this
year, the head is Rear Admiral C. S.
Sperry. The board will meet during the
last week in June and go over the list
of officers who are deemed by some one
in authority as fit subjects for considera-
tion in connection with elimination. It
is made known that about seventeen offi-
cers, according to present indications,
will be prematurely forced on the retired
list.

This process of elimination is a hard-
ship of a peculiarly unpleasant sort. It
amounts, in some particulars, to positive
violeness, inasmuch as the officers who
are thus retired have nothing to say con-
cerning the fate which overtakes them.
Their retirement is necessarily adver-
tised to their associates and to people
outside the service, and the impression,
at least, is given that the officers are
not fit for active service. That fitness
does not depend upon physical disability,
retirement for which is by another means,
Navy officers who are compelled to leave
the active list by this means of selection-
out are entitled to entertain a grievance
against a method which gives them no
opportunity of defense and no chance to
be heard in their own behalf. Such a
drastic measure must be nothing short
of a demoralization of the naval person-
nel. It ought not to be necessary to go
to any such unfair and unfavorable ex-
tremity to create vacancies for the
benefit of promotion.

An Ohio scientist claims to be able to
photograph sound. He would need a lot
of films to snap-shot a Senatorial tariff
debate.

An Echo of the Far Eastern War.

Another and most disagreeable chapter
of the Russo-Japanese war is ended with
the release from prison of Gen. Stoessel
and Admiral Nebogatoff by the Russian
government. Always there has been a
marked difference of opinion throughout
the civilized world as to the justice of
the sentence imposed upon these de-
feated commanders, and the news that
they are free has been received with a
sigh of relief.

There can hardly ever be entire sym-
pathy between the civilian point of view
and the rigid disciplinary methods of the
military. In civil life, when a man has
done his best, has tried his hardest and
failed, the failure is taken to be punish-
ment enough. But in time of war the
military commander is held to be the
guardian of his nation's honor, and it
is not held sufficient for him to have
tried; not to have succeeded is the crime.
The action of the Russian government
in trying Gen. Stoessel for the surrender
of Port Arthur and of Admiral Neboga-
toff for the defeat of his fleet by the
Japanese was not unique. Whenever a
fortress is surrendered or a fleet de-
stroyed a court of inquiry is held and the
blame apportioned, and even sometimes
in the case of victory courts of inquiry
have to be held to apportion the praise-
as witness the battle of Santiago.

There has been little doubt in the pub-
lic mind that the sentence of Admiral
Nebogatoff was unjust. The world knows
how ill-fought were the ships with
which he sailed half round the world to
do battle in one desperate, forlorn hope
fight with the masterful navy of Japan.
With old-fashioned guns, foul bottoms,
sailors on the verge of mutiny, nothing
but defeat stared him in the face. And
yet he hoisted his flag, sought out his
enemy, and fought until his ships were
sunk and he himself was knocked uncon-
scious. It is hard to see what more
he could have done.

As to Gen. Stoessel there have been
differences of opinion. Some have held
that if Port Arthur had fought longer,
holding the Japanese investing army at
work, Kuropatkin in the north could
have defeated the Japanese army opposed
to him. Others maintain that with the
fall of 300-meter Hill, from whence a
withering fire could be poured into any
part of the fortress, further sacrifice
of human life was needless and cruel.

However that may be, we who only
read about the siege can have but a faint
idea of the horrors of that time, of the
unrecorded deeds of heroism, and of the
bravery of the commander of Port Ar-
thur, who was condemned.

greater fault in the government which
had gone into a desperate war unjust-
ified and unprepared.

In the meantime, the innocent bystander
down in Georgia is bearing the brunt of
the railroad strike—as usual.

Tipping.

This is an age of shattered illusions.
Not even the best of us has pretended to
take delight in the growth of the tipping
nuisance. It has been a necessary evil of
the day to which we have submitted; a
sort of daily highway robbery to which
we all had to submit. But there was just
one crumb of comfort in it all, and that
was the thought that the sum in excess
of the amount of our check which we left
in the waiter's hands might, after all, be
going toward the support of his deserving
family; or, at any rate, was being in-
vested by him so that it might prove the
foundation of his fortune. Have we not
all heard of that phenomenal waiter in a
New York cafe who saved his tips, bet
them on the races, and is now the prop-
rietor of a cafe of his own?

Alas! that story must pass into the
limbo of forgotten things; passed, too, is
the flattering notion that the tips we
relinquished with unwilling smiles were an
act of generosity. The State superin-
tendent of employment agencies in Chi-
cago has discovered that change left with
employees in hotel and theater cloakrooms
does them no good at all. They are not
allowed to retain even a moiety of it.
The whole sum must be turned over to
the boss who gets them the job.

It is found that these cloakroom boys
get from \$5 to \$7 a week, and all they
get in tips goes to the boss, the tipping
sum amounting to considerably more than
their wages. Should the tips fall below a
certain amount the tip receiver is dis-
missed.

The same thing was discovered to be
true in New York during the hotel
porters' strike. Every hotel porter worked,
not for the hotel, but for a contractor
who employed him, and to whom all the
tips went.

We imagine that if these facts were
more generally known, the generous im-
pulse that has brought the practice of
tipping to what it is to-day would be
considerably checked. It is one thing to
reward a servant who has taken pains
to make you comfortable; quite another
matter to hand him your money to turn
over to a tip-mongler. In every great
emergency, it is said, the man who is
needed arrives. Where is the hero who
will lead the van against the tipping
evil?

Senator Borah quoted the President as
an upward revisionist the other day, and
Senator Beveridge quoted him as a down-
ward revisionist. This would seem to get
them a-going and a-coming.

The platform makers of the next Demo-
cratic convention may have trouble
framing the tariff plank of 1912," says
the Baltimore Sun. So may the Republican
platform makers. But what will either
plank amount to after being framed?

The British censor is very kind to Mr.
George Bernard Shaw. He always seems
willing to suppress one of Mr. Shaw's
plays in England just before its forth-
coming American production is an-
nounced.

Every side show "barker" at Coney
Island keeps on hand a nice Bostonese
vocabulary for Sunday use exclusively
nowadays.

There is to be a stiff tariff tax on pipes
under the new law. Still, the populace
will be furnished many nice ones to
smoke just before the next Congressional
elections, and free of charge, too.

Of all African game, the giraffe is the
most inoffensive; and yet the giraffe is
getting it in the neck strenuously from
the colonel. This, however, is probably
not at all surprising to the good Dr. Long.

All the newspapers are praising the
Seattle woman who drove a burglar from
her house with a baseball bat. Indeed,
she seems to have scored quite a hit.

The governor-elect of Georgia is said to
be a "finished Greek scholar." How-
ever, a little Greek here and there scat-
tered through the average political or-
ation probably would not make it any less
intelligible.

"Why is a Democrat?" inquires the New
York American. We should think he
would like to know himself.

We are moved to a pious hope, never-
theless, that Mr. Roosevelt will leave a
few animals in Africa for future sports-
men to operate upon.

"Senator Lodge says trusts are myths.
Is anything real?" inquires the Pittsburg
Dispatch. Yes, indeed; Senator Lodge is
very real.

"Two per cent of the college graduates
go to jail," says the Mexican Herald.
When you say, "Ninety-eight per cent
of the jail birds were graduated from
college," it sounds better.

London is in considerably more of a
flutter nowadays. It seems, then Boston
was some eleven years ago, when it
feared a modern Spanish armada was
about to blow it off the map.

Moreover, it is not at all probable that
Coney Island ever will get its Sunday lid
on straight.

Abdul Hamid has surrendered \$500,000
to the new Turkish government. Of
course, he does not care what happens
now.

"What does Col. George Harvey mean
by the expression 'stack up,' in Har-
per's Weekly?" inquires the Charleston
News and Courier. Merely a little bluff,
perhaps.

If those New Yorkers really want the
colonel to run for mayor, somebody ought
to start an argument seeking to prove
that he could not hold down the job prop-
erly if elected.

J. D. Wants Only the Earth.

From the Boston Herald.
After the statement of Miss Tarbell's
brother that the independent oil produc-
ers want the duty on crude oil restored,
it's more a puzzle than ever to know
what Rockefeller wants.

The Paramount Issue.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
Senator Daniel is the latest. According
to the distinguished Virginian, the Demo-
cratic party is not so much for a tariff
for revenue only as for querebracho frilly.

Concerning Gallery Godesses.

From the Nashville American.
Calling the bathing beach a gallery is
not bad. See?

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

HIGHLY ORIGINAL.
A quipster found himself one day
Without a topic for a lay.
Yet fashioned he
About Maud Muller raking hay.

He'd mulled for many years
Maud Muller and her hopes and fears,
And so this time
He wrote a rhyme
About the soldier at Algiers.

A Philosopher.
"Why are you so enthusiastic about
pedestrianism?"
"Because I can't afford an auto."

A Flareback.
"Polly want a cracker?"
"Polly decided does not," replied the
dignified bird. "Polly would, however,
accept a caviar sandwich or a bit of pate
de foies gras."

Proof Positive.
"Answer me this."
"Well?"
"How do you know the duke loves
you?"
"Because he is insanely jealous of
everybody who wants to know how much
money I have."

In the Future.
When women win, I guess
No rule we'll see
That a new Senator
Must silent be.

As Babies Do.
"They're very natural."
"What are?"
"These dolls that close their eyes when
you put them to bed."
"I see nothing natural about that. It
would be natural if they opened their
eyes and yelled."

Why Is This?
"Barber shops have lots of innovations
just now—new apparatus, electric ma-
chines. Everything is down to date with
them."
"Yet they comb your hair just as they
did in 1840."

Didn't Bother the Boy.
"When my office boy falls to show up
I accept no excuse other than that of
sickness or death to the family."
"Sounds like a good plan."
"It is. He always has such an excuse."

THE POET'S REWARD.

**Richard Le Gallienne Discusses Some
of His Compensations.**
From the Smart Set.
The profession of a poet is a tragic
one—so painful and tragic as mother-
hood. That "making a poet out of a
man" is a mysteriously painful business.
Is there no other way? "No way but
this," would seem to be nature's answer.
Yet where is the mother that would re-
nounce her motherhood. And where is
the poet—though he be a Dante walking
the circles of hell, or a Villon weaving
ballades in the shadow of the gallows,
or he starving in a garret or the outcast
of some imperious love, or the victim
of some inexorable poison—where is the
poet that would change his lot for any
other?

A tragic, but how lovely and pleasant
a calling! His task to read the ways
of heaven and the hearts of men, and
to write down all he reads in fair faced,
sweet voiced words that come to him
singing strangely out of the air; words
shaped like flowers and fragrant like
honey; words like the rustle of wood-
lands, or the rising of the moon; words
swift as birds and rooted as the moun-
tains; words stern as bronze and soft as
tears.

Magic consolation; who shall explain
it?
And always, too, he is a Virgin crowned
with August laurel, or a Veraine in
the glums of Paris, or a Verlaine in
the slumbers of London bridge, he
carries with him the knowledge of sub-
lime distinction, of a romantic destiny.
Successful and successful, hungry, and
in mean raiment, yet is he high of heart
and proud of glance, for he is not na-
ture's confidant? Is he not a servant
of the gods?

For additional decoration the page has
a border drawn by Mrs. Crookan.
A noticeable coincidence is the similarity
of the signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Long-
worth, Mr. and Mrs. Shively, and Mr.
and Mrs. Crookan, respectively—with
a chronology so similar, one to the
other, as to leave no doubt of their be-
ing "soul mates."

Among the inscriptions, which ranged
from a mere autograph to ambitious ex-
amples of verse, is Senator Warren's
parody on "Exquisite" dubbed "The
Tafters," which winds up with—
"And who know well of his patience, his kind
and cheerful forbearance,
Who know that his heart is attuned to his coun-
try's welfare,
Confident, look to the future and see there
A happy and prosperous nation of 80,000,000
of Tafters."

The sentiment, "Reflect how mortified
we Philippines would have been had we
allowed him to take the veil and be
buried in the Supreme Court," bears the
imperial signature, "Edwards."
Fred H. Gillette sings:

"We were Tafters;
Some said gruffly to the Philippines,
Some said solemnly to the Philippines,
We lived in palaces;
Made love to a similar, one to the
other, as to leave no doubt of their be-
ing 'soul mates.'"
"What need have women folk to vote
when men can choose so well?" is a
contribution from Mary Hopkins Clark,
of Hartford, Conn., who has been dubbed
"The Tafters," which winds up with—
"The book, which has several hundred
pages, concludes with a poem, 'L'Envoi,'
written by Miss Boardman, under whose
direction the work of binding and il-
luminating was conducted."

SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS.

**They Have Voted as They Believed,
in the Main.**

From the Knoxville Sentinel.
The New York Evening Post said re-
cently that for several years Democratic
Representatives and Senators from the
South have not really desired the tri-
umphs of their party in national elec-
tions. After admitting "that there is
much evidence to support such a theo-
ry," the New York World says: "The
brains of the Democratic party are in
the South. It still keeps in the front of
public life many men of ability, influence,
and reputation. They are sure of their
positions as the Northern Democrats can
never hope to be. They live in a section
where they are guaranteed virtually a
partisan monopoly, where the Republican
party is a despicable quantity. The
Northern Democrats alone can create a
militant, vigorous opposition, capable
of winning elections. It must look to
the Southern Democrats to keep up a
resolute fight, if the party is not to
be condemned to interminable disaster
and ruin."

The sentiment of the Evening Post that
Representatives from the South have not
desired Democratic triumph for several
years. The Post merely sets up such an
opinion for the purpose of hitting Mr.
Bryan and the "World" help it along
doubtless for the same purpose. The
South has voted for Mr. Bryan, and its
public men, in the main, desired his
election.

Ancient Mombasa.

You probably think of Mombasa, where
Roosevelt landed, as a sort of pioneer
outpost on the edge of the world. As a
matter of fact, Mombasa was on the map
200 years before Columbus discovered
America, and it is a somewhat prosperous
city of 20,000 people. It is the terminus
of the Uganda Railroad, and has a steel
pier and stone wharves. The protective
citadel, which still stands as a part of
the town's fortifications, was started by
the Arabs in the seventh century. You
may not have heard much of Mombasa,
but it isn't because it is a new city, built
to make one end of a railroad or a land-
ing place for ex-Presidents.

Only a Near Gentleman.
From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.
The Houston Post refers to Adam as
a "true Southern gentleman." What a
slander! No Southern gentleman, true
or untrue, would ever have tried to
blame it on the lady.

THE MUSIC OF ERIN OF OLD.
Sweet as the sound of fairy bells,
Ringing and chiming over the dells,
Deep in the heart of memory dwells
The music of Erin of old.
As a child I saw a repair of June,
An evening of love, a wreath and a rune,
A rose of a song and life of a tune,
And a shamrock glided in gold—
The music of Erin of old.

Strong as the roar of thundering seas,
Soft as the sigh of leaves in the breeze,
Light as the wind over blossoming leas—
The music of Erin of old.
Voice of a hero and parasite of old,
Gentle and fierce as the wall of the wild,
Flashing and crowing, craning and wild,
True and tender, pleading and bold—
The music of Erin of old.
—William Lightfoot Wadsworth, in Munsie's

Just Trousers.
From the Nashville American.
A New York dispatch states that "pant-
aloon gowns" will be seen in Fifth
avenue and Broadway not later than the
first week in June, and the new thriller
in feminine wearing apparel sets the
director gown upon a pedestal of mod-
esty. When the wearer stands still it re-
sembles an ordinary pretty costume. The
moment she moves it is quite different.
What has seemed a skirt part just
above the knees, and regular trousers
come into view. Trousers—just trousers.
They make no pretense of being any-
thing else.

Oh, of Course.
From the New York Mail.
Although the most recently killed rhi-
noceros weighed 3,488 pounds, it is likely
that the chronicler will apologize and say
that the biggest one got away.

Probably Won't Be Long.
From the Ohio State Journal.
In lieu of a regular lottery, Cuba might
start a guessing contest on how long it
will be before the United States has to
intervene again.

Prohibition State Note.
From the Savannah Herald.
Before a banquet, it is a case of appeti-
te; after the banquet, too frequently a
case of happy-light.

LONG TRIP WITH TAFT.

A REMEMBRANCE.
President Taft, as a jolly cupid posed
in Billiken attitude, his face wreathed
in infectious smiles, his eyes twinkling
with joyous satisfaction, and his empty
quiver slung recklessly over the corner
of his throne, is the frontispiece to the
book of remembrance prepared by the
men and women who, in his Secretariat
days, followed President Taft half way
around the globe. Prostrate before him,
making obeisance for their marital hap-
piness, are Representative and Mrs.
Longworth, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bourke Cock-
ran, Representative and Mrs. Swar-
gar Shively, whose courtship and mar-
riage were a direct outcome of the fa-
mous tour of the Taft party to the Phil-
ippines.

The unique volume, which is the em-
bodiment of an idea of Miss Mabel T.
Boardman, consists of a collection of
congratulatory sketches, inscriptions,
verses, and epigrams contributed by the
Philippines on the occasion of the din-
ner they gave for the President last
March on the eve of his inauguration.
The text, inscribed on post octavo vel-
lum of exquisite quality, is hand written
and signed by the several members of
the party, to each of whom at least one
leaf is devoted. The book is hand bound,
and the full cradled leather cover of dark
red is beautifully decorated in a special de-
sign worked out by Mrs. Ward Brown,
to whom the work was intrusted. The
cover design consists of a floriated
wreath of dull gold, which incloses the
legend—

To
William Howard Taft
From the Members of the Philippine
Party.

The date in tiny gold letters is affixed
in the conventional manner, while as an
additional decoration the panels of the
back are heavily marked in gold and
finished at either edge with a tiny design
in keeping with the figure which marks
the intersection of the inclosing lines
of the cover design. A double row of
silk, matching the leather and tooled
rim of the levant, completes the work of
the binder. The hand illuminated title
page is the work of Robert Wilson Hyde,
of Santa Barbara, Cal., who has revived
the art of the medieval limner. The
art of the page is taken up by a
picturesque galleon afloat on a rippling
sea of blue gilded with silver. With
canvass full spread, the ship, head on,
sails into a sky of pure gold. Beneath
this design runs the name William How-
ard Taft, the initials letters wrought in the
delicious tones of crimson, blue, and green
used by the old limners in the deco-
ration of their priceless breviaries. In-
closing the page is a floriated scroll
worked out in pale shades of green, mark-
ed by tiny conventional blossoms of pale
yellow. Following the title page is the
leaf given over to the signatures of Rep-
resentative and Mrs. Longworth, Rep-
resentative and Mrs. Shively, and Mr. and
Mrs. Bourke Cockran. At the top of the
page is the sentiment evolved by Bourke
Cockran:

"The happiness of the matrimonial
unions he has promoted augurs boundless
happiness for the political union he is
to maintain."

For additional decoration the page has
a border drawn by Mrs. Crookan.
A noticeable coincidence is the similarity
of the signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Long-
worth, Mr. and Mrs. Shively, and Mr.
and Mrs. Crookan, respectively—with
a chronology so similar, one to the
other, as to leave no doubt of their be-
ing "soul mates."

Among the inscriptions, which ranged
from a mere autograph to ambitious ex-
amples of verse, is Senator Warren's
parody on "Exquisite" dubbed "The
Tafters," which winds up with—
"And who know well of his patience, his kind
and cheerful forbearance,
Who know that his heart is attuned to his coun-
try's welfare,
Confident, look to the future and see there
A happy and prosperous nation of 80,000,000
of Tafters."

The sentiment, "Reflect how mortified
we Philippines would have been had we
allowed him to take the veil and be
buried in the Supreme Court," bears the
imperial signature, "Edwards."
Fred H. Gillette sings:

"We were Tafters;
Some said gruffly to the Philippines,
Some said solemnly to the Philippines,
We lived in palaces;
Made love to a similar, one to the
other, as to leave no doubt of their be-
ing 'soul mates.'"
"What need have women folk to vote
when men can choose so well?" is a
contribution from Mary Hopkins Clark,
of Hartford, Conn., who has been dubbed
"The Tafters," which winds up with—
"The book, which has several hundred
pages, concludes with a poem, 'L'Envoi,'
written by Miss Boardman, under whose
direction the work of binding and il-
luminating was conducted."

What Every Baby Knows.
From Life.
That he isn't responsible for being
here.
That he hates company.
That his mother is a weak-minded
individual who gives in on every oc-
casion and the slightest provocation.
That his father is a strange being
who has no other place in the scheme
of things than to be rough and awk-
ward.